

**Fermilab Singers**  
**Spring/Summer Concert**  
**June 2 2006**

Bogoroditse Djevo	Arvo Pärt (b.1935)
Chorus from Dido and Aeneas –	Henry Purcell (1659–1695)
Caccia d'Amore	Giovanni Gastoldi (1550–1622)
Dodi Li	the Song of Songs, Nira Chen(b.1924)
Raslo Dervo	Bosnian Folk–Song, arr Elliot Levine
The Ash Grove	Traditional Welsh air
La Mer	Charles Trenet(1913–2001), arr C. Brugman
The Way you look	lyrics Dorothy Fields, Jerome Kern (1885–1945)
Tonkaya Ryabina (Slender Rowan–Tree)	Traditional Russian
Quick we have but a second	words Thomas Moore, C.V. Stanford (1852–1924)

The Fermilab Singers are a group of people who enjoy singing music from all countries, styles and times. The group is open to Fermilab employees, users, visitors, students, contractors and their family members. We practice at noon on Wednesdays in the auditorium for about an hour. Learn more at <http://www.fnal.gov/orgs/choir/>.

Soprano --- Annette Beentjes, Jen Adelman–McCarthy, Susan Kayser,  
                  Ai Nagano, Katie Yurkewicz,  
Alto ----- Anne Heavey, Anne Lucietto, Jennifer Lee, Natalia Ratnikova  
Tenor ----- Julien Branlard, Toby Davies, Terrence Hart  
Bass ----- Art Kreymer, Marc Mengel, Brian Yanny

Publicity: Anne Lucietto  
Piano: Brian Yanny  
Music Director: Stephen Pordes  
Club President: Anne Heavey

**Bogoróditse Djévo -**

Arvo Pärt

Богородице Дево, радуйся,	<i>Rejoice, O virgin Mary,</i>
Благодатная Марие,	<i>full of grace,</i>
Господь с Тобою;	<i>the Lord is with thee:</i>
благословена Ты в женах	<i>blessed art thou amongst women,</i>
и благословен плод чрева Твоего,	<i>and blessed is the fruit of thy womb,</i>
яко Спаса родила еси душ наших.	<i>for thou hast borne the Saviour of our souls</i>

**Closing Chorus from Dido and Aeneas -**

Henry Purcell

With drooping wings, ye Cupids come,  
And scatter roses, scatter, scatter roses on her tomb,  
Soft, soft and gentle, soft and gentle as her heart,  
Keep here, here your watch, and never, never, never, part.

**Caccia d' Amore    *Love is on the Hunt***

Giovanni Gastoldi

Queste correnti Ninfe fuggite,	<i>You speeding nymphs, flee,</i>
fuggite O Ninfe Fa la la,	<i>flee ye Nymphs</i>
Se voi non fuggite, veloci,	<i>If you do not flee, swift</i>
veloci e ardite Amor	<i>swift and ardent Love,</i>
ch'a caccia va,	<i>who is on the hunt,</i>
Il cor vi ferira,	<i>will strike your heart</i>
Porta di strali armato	<i>He carries sharp arrows</i>
il manco lato	<i>on his left side</i>
E con la sua face,	<i>And with his fire</i>
ogn'alma disface	<i>he conquers every soul</i>
Vedete il crudo arcier,	<i>See the cruel archer,</i>
Come sen vien altier	<i>how haughty he comes</i>

**Dodi Li**

Nira Chen

Dodi li, va-ani lo	<i>My beloved is mine and I am his</i>
Haroeh ba-shoshanim	<i>The shephard of the lilies</i>
Dodi li, va-ani lo	<i>My beloved is mine and I am his</i>
Haroeh ba-shoshanim	<i>The shepherd of the lilies</i>
Mi zot olah min hamidbar	<i>Who is she coming out of the desert</i>
Mekuteret mor, mor ulevonah	<i>In clouds of myrrh, myrrh and frankincense?</i>
Libavtini achoti kalah	<i>You have my heart, my sister, my bride;</i>
Uri tsafon, uvoi teyman!	<i>Awake north wind, and come wind of the south</i>

**Raslo Dervo****Bosnian Folk Song,**

arranged by Elliott Levine

Raslo dervo, bademovo, tanko visoko.

One soft scented sweet acacia blossomed and grew strong.

Pod njim sedi mlado momcheh, sa njim Die'h voycheh.

In its shade a pair of lovers lingered on and on.

Dushekim ye Dyetelina Trava zelehna.

For their couch, the soft sweet clover and the green, green grass.

Yastuk suim Byehleh Rukeh Yedno Drugome.

Their two hands for pillows, as they lay upon the grass.

Yorgan in yeh ve dro nebo Sia'eenah zviehzditzeh.

For their blanket, the heavens spread their shining stars.

**The Ash Grove**

Down yonder green valley, where streamlets meander,

When twilight is fading, I pensively rove.

Or at the bright noon-tide in solitude wander,

Amid the dark shades of the lonely ash grove.

T'was there while the blackbird was joyfully singing

I first met my dear one, the joy of my heart.

Around me for gladness the blue-birds were singing,

Ah, then little thought I how soon we should part.

Still trembles the moonbeam on streamlet and valley,

Still warbles the blackbird his note from the tree

Still glows the bright sunshine on streamlet and valley

But what are the beauties of nature to me?

With sorrow deep sorrow my bosom is laden,

Each day I go mourning in search of my love.

Ye echoes, O tell me where is the sweet maiden,

She sleeps 'neath the green grass down by the ash grove.

**La Mer*****The Sea (1945)***

Charles Trenet

La mer – qu'on voit danser

le long des golfes clairs

A des reflets d'argent

La mer des reflets changeants

Sous la pluie

La mer – au ciel d'été

confond ses blancs moutons

Avec les anges si purs

La mer bergère d'azur infinie

Voyez – près des étangs

Ces grands roseaux mouillés

Voyez – ces oiseaux blancs

Et ces maisons rouillées

La mer les a bercés

Le long des golfes clairs

Et d'une chanson d'amour

La mer a bercé mon cœur pour la vie

*The sea which we see dance**all along its clear channels**gleams with silver.**The sea its reflections changing**in the rain.**The sea – under the summer sky**melds white sheep**Into angels so pure.**The sea, shepherdess of infinite sky.**See – next to the ponds**Those tall moist reeds**See those white birds**And those weathered houses.**The sea has cradled them**Along its clear channels,**And with a love song**Has cradled my heart for life..*

### **The Way You Look Tonight**

Jerome Kern

Someday when I'm all alone,  
And the world is sad,  
I will feel aglow just thinking of you,  
And the way you look tonight.

Oh but you're lovely  
With your cheek so soft  
And your smile so warm,  
There is nothing for me but to love you.  
Just the way you look tonight.

With each smile your tenderness grows,  
Tearing my heart apart,  
And that laugh that wrinkles your nose  
Touches my foolish heart

Lovely...never never change,  
Keep that breathless charm,  
Won't you please arrange it 'cos I love you,  
Just the way you look tonight.

### **Тонкая рябина**

### **Tonkaya Ryabena**

### **Slender Rowan-Tree**

Что стоишь, качаясь,  
Тонкая рябина, '  
Головой склоняясь  
До самого тына? '

Shto stoish', kachayas',  
Tonkaya ryabina,  
Golovoy sklonyayas'  
do samovo tina

Why do you stand there swaying,  
Rowan-tree so slender,  
Bowing your head as if praying,  
Down to the grass so tender?

А через дорогу  
За рекой широкой  
Также одиноко  
Дуб стоит высокий.

cheryez dorogu  
za ryekoy shirokoy  
Tak zhe odinoko  
dub stoít vyisokiý

Out beyond the roadway  
Far across the river,  
Feeling just as lonely,  
A tall oak stands in grandeur.

Как бы, мне рябине,  
К дубу перебраться,  
Я б тогда не стала  
Гнуться и качаться.

Kak bui mnye, ryabinye  
k dubu pyerebrat'sya?  
Ya b togda ne stala  
gnut'sya i kachat'sya.

"If only I, a rowan,  
Could get to that big oak tree,  
I then would cease my moaning,  
Bending and swaying so lonely.

Тонкими ветвями  
Я б к нему прижалась  
И с его листьями  
День и ночь шепталась.

Tonkimi vyetvyami  
ya b k nyemu prizhalac'  
I s evo listami  
dyen' i noch' sheptalas'

"I would hold him tightly  
With my branches slender,  
In his leaves daily, nightly,  
I'd whisper words so tender."

Но нельзя рябине  
К дубу перебраться...  
Знать, ей, сиротине,  
Век одной качаться.

No nel'zya ryabinye  
k dubu pyerebrat'sya,  
Znat' sud'ba takaya  
vyek odnoy kachat'sya

But the rowan can never  
Get to that big oak tree...  
Poor dear is condemned forever  
To bend and sway so lonely!

Что стоишь, качаясь,  
Тонкая рябина, '  
Головой склоняясь  
До самого тына? '

Shto stoish', kachayas',  
Tonkaya ryabina,  
Golovoy sklonyayas'  
do samovo tina

Why do you stand there swaying,  
Rowan-tree so slender,  
Bowing your head as if praying,  
Down to the grass so tender?

**Quick We have But a Second.**

C.V. Stanford

Quick we have but a second, fill round the cup while you may  
For Time the churl hath beckoned and we must away, away.  
Grasp the pleasure that's flying for Oh, not Orpheus' strain  
Could keep sweet hours from dying or charm them to life again.  
Quick we have but a second, fill round the cup while you may  
For Time the churl hath beckoned and we must away, away.

See the glass how it flushes like some young Hebe's lip  
And half meets thine and blushes that thou should'st delay to sip.  
Shame oh Shame unto thee If e'er thou see'st that day  
When a cup or lip shall woo thee and turn untouch'd away.  
Then quick we have but a second, fill round the cup while you may  
For Time the churl hath beckoned and we must away, away